

Queer Justice

WHEN Bully Booser beats his wife, we put him in a cell; and there he leads a pleasant life, and likes it passing well. We fill his plate with whole-some fare, when sounds the dinner gong, and see that while he lingers there his life's a grand sweet song. We hand him magazines and books and papers day by day, so he can loaf in cozy nooks, and read the hours away. Sweet women call and hand him tracts, and cheer him up as well that he forgets the ugly facts which put him in his cell. Meanwhile his wife, with blackened eye, is toiling over a tub; she has to toil, with sob and sigh, to get the children grub. Her husband, sentenced by the court, earns money when he's free, and though he is a yellow sport, he feeds his family. Because he filled himself with ale, and started household strife, we lock him in our cozy jail, and punish kids and wife. He has the rest he's long desired, with time to read and sleep, the while the woman, sick and tired, must work and watch and weep. Thus flows our justice in a rill—the kind we keep on tap; the innocent must pay the bill, while sinners have a snap.

(Copyright by George M. Adams.)

—WALT MASON.

Why the South Has Regained Power

A CONGRESSMAN from Colorado is ranking member of the house irrigation committee in congress next to the chairman, W. R. Smith of this district. Colorado is notoriously unfriendly to the Elephant Butte project in every detail, and would use every possible means to embarrass, diminish, and delay this project for the selfish and unjust advantage of Colorado. The Colorado congressman would become chairman of the irrigation committee if congressman W. R. Smith should be defeated for reelection.

That is one reason, and by no means the least important, why congressman Smith deserves the united support of the counties in the Rio Grande and Pecos valleys especially, and in all west Texas, where irrigation is a necessity, and where the national government is spending large sums for development.

Congressman Smith's usefulness increases with his length of service at Washington. He has a wide acquaintance, and has the confidence of the administration and of congressional leaders. One of the principal objections that judge Blanton, his opponent, has to Mr. Smith is that the present congressman is not noisy enough. He is no calipso, that's a certainty. But it is not always the noisiest congressmen that do the work. If Mr. Blanton's ideal is to be like Cole Blaise of South Carolina, or Jim Vardaman of Mississippi, it is not the ideal of his unwilling constituency.

Mr. Smith's performances at Washington have been of the solid, permanently advantageous sort, in the interest of west Texas first. The Herald disapproves with congressman Smith on some points of national policies, but it has nothing but commendation for his services during his whole congressional career as a fit representative of west Texas.

Congressman Smith went into office the year after the national irrigation act was passed, so that he does not have to carry the unfortunate distinction of having been one of the Texas delegation in congress at the time of the passage of the national irrigation act, which delegation in both houses of congress voted solidly against the bill. Congressman Smith has been a consistent friend of national irrigation, and is regarded by the reclamation service and the interior department as one of the staunchest backers of a thorough going national policy of reclaiming arid and submerged lands. He is not like some other Texas men in senate and house, in the position of having fought the original reclamation act and then seeking special consideration for his state under the provisions of the act. He has always favored the act. As chairman of the irrigation committee in the house, congressman Smith is a fit champion of the whole west, and his viewpoint is not local or sectional, but national, in this connection.

Judge Blanton's objection to Smith on the ground that he has served long enough and ought to get out on that account, is as flimsy as the objection on account of Smith not being a chronic disturber of the peace. When Smith makes a speech in congress, congress listens. That is one effect of his conservative way of going about the public's business. Judge Blanton might demand more pages in the Congressional Record with rapid stuff for consumption back home, but after a few pointless ravings like the speech he made in El Paso he would find himself addressing empty seats and would take refuge behind the "leave to print extended remarks in the Record without actual delivery on the floor of the house."

Continuous service in both houses of congress is a good thing so long as such service is satisfactory to the home constituency and as long as the senator or representative does not isolate himself from the electorate. To illustrate this point, The Herald here gives a list of the first 20 senators in point of continuous service, with their respective terms: Gallinger 23 years, Lodge 21 years, Perkins 21 years, Clark of Wyoming 19 years, Warren 19 years, Bacon 19 years, Martin of Virginia 19 years, Nelson of Minnesota 19 years, Tillman 19 years, Penrose 17 years, Culberson 15 years, McCumber 15 years, Dillingham 14 years, Clapp 13 years, Simmons of North Carolina 13 years, Clark of Arkansas 11 years, Newlands 11 years (after 10 years in the lower house), Overman 11 years, Smoot 11 years, Stone of Missouri 11 years. And a large number of the senators of shorter terms in the senate were sent up from the house after extended terms there. Sixteen of the 20 longest terms above named are southern or western men. The significance of this is pointed out a little further on.

In the house of representatives, 77 members have been in the house as long as W. R. Smith, or longer. Of the Texas delegation, Henry, Slayden, and Stephens have had nine continuous terms each, Burgess has had seven continuous terms, Beall, Garner, and Gregg as well as Smith have had six continuous terms each. Henry is chairman of rules, the most powerful committee in the house; Slayden is chairman of military affairs, Stephens of indian affairs, Smith of irrigation. All the other long termers have important committee assignments.

Contrast the standing of these Texans in congress with the short terms, many of whom the average reader has never heard of, and few of whom have made any mark. With a few exceptions, the average Texan could not name them from memory to save his life: Vaughan, Summers, Rayburn, Garrett, Eagle, Buchanan, Young, not one of these names of Texas congressmen means anything at all in Texas or in the nation; Callaway, Dies, next to nothing; Hardy, a four termer, beginning to make himself a factor.

Of the great leaders in the house, Sereno Payne has served 15 terms, Jones of Virginia 12 terms, Bartholdt and Cooper 11 terms, Underwood and Champ Clark ten terms, Clayton of Alabama, Hay, Lloyd, Mann, Sims, Moon, Mondell, nine terms each; Fitzgerald, Richardson, Flood, Glass, Kahn, Humphrey, all longer than W. R. Smith. Few of the short termers amount to a whop except in a mere count of noses.

With a few exceptions, the leaders are long termers. And the states are influential in congress almost exactly in proportion to their practice with regard to long or short terms. The fact that Texas is today one of the most influential states in national affairs is due as much to its long term policy as to anything else.

And it is a significant fact that the loss of prestige of New England and the middle states in congress and the rise to power of the south and west are exactly coincident with the retirement of the long termers of the New England and middle states and the long continuous service of the southerners and westerners.

Of the 77 representatives having served as long as W. R. Smith or longer, 47 are southern men, or 60 percent; 22 are western men, or 30 percent; four are from Massachusetts but not a single other New England state represented—5 percent; three from New York, one from Pennsylvania, and not another from a middle state—total, 5 percent; thus 90 percent of the 77 men who have served six terms or longer are southern or western men, and only 10 percent from New England or middle states.

A few years ago this situation would have been exactly reversed. No wonder the south rules congress, and the west runs a close second, while the old east is almost wholly deprived of power in congress.

This is one of the most striking and complete explanations of the transfer of legislative power in recent years from the old states east of the Mississippi valley and north of the Mason & Dixon line, to the south and west. The Herald does not remember ever to have seen these facts brought out, as one explanation of the almost revolutionary change that has taken place.

They have a direct bearing on the reelection of W. R. Smith to congress from this district. West Texas cannot afford to lose him. By comparison with him, judge Blanton would be almost as useful to west Texas at Washington right now as a framed lithograph of Napoleon Bonaparte.

"Blind staggers at that," remarks the New York Sun, commenting on the declaration that "congress just staggers on through the summer."

Rockefeller says he will be playing golf when he is 100 years old. There are lots of us who might even consent to play golf if we thought we could live to be 100.

If you want to avoid the possibility of a dictograph overhearing all you say, you will have to live in a little glass sphere. Your pastepot may be listening to you right now.

"NUBBINS" By Cobb

Newsy Political Comment Contributed Exclusively to The El Paso Herald
By ZACH LAMAR COBB.

TOM BALL says he has held all the pros and divided the antis, and in doing so, that he has taken the cream of the anti and left Ferguson the bluejohn.

In El Paso he will receive every pro vote, and more than that, he will get more anti than pro votes here. In other words, he will more than double the local pro vote.

The strength of Col. Ball in El Paso is most gratifying to lovers of good government. Our people consider all the questions involved, of course, but one consideration is paramount:

Ball's clean, convincing stand for clean elections—for the principle of the Boomer bill—endears him to our people. We have suffered so long from the malady of having elections controlled by the rotten ballot, that the promised elimination of this vote comes as the brightest political ray of light that El Paso has ever known.

With the election of Tom Ball, El Paso will be emancipated. Our rightful voters will be made free. No longer will it be necessary for the decent citizen to offset the handicap of 1500 votes or more before a ballot can be said to count.

Of course the lovers of good government in El Paso, those who have yearned and prayed for a day of freedom, are favorable to Ball; and a handsome vote he will get here, too.

Burges and Harris voted for the Boomer bill. Burges and Rylar will vote for it. The representatives from El Paso, in thus voting, speak the spirit of El Paso. El Paso demands this election law amendment.

If Ball is elected, we will get political

freedom and a law to protect us in the enjoyment of clean elections. If Ferguson is elected, he will veto the law, just as Colquhoun vetoed it. Therefore, a majority of those El Paso voters, those who will be qualified to vote after the Boomer bill passes, are supporting Ball.

As stated recently in this column, the tide is running strong for Ball. He has the approval of president Wilson, Mr. Bryan and Mr. Burleson. In fact, he has the approval of practically all the bona fide believers in progressive democracy.

President Wilson should be supported by Democratic governors over the country. Texas did much to elect him. Texas is going to do her duty to sustain him as president. Tom Ball is the friend and loyal supporter of Wilson. He will be qualified to vote after the Boomer bill passes, are supporting Ball.

When Jim Hogg was alive, Bryan was his warm friend among the national leaders. The people at the forks of the creek in Texas who loved Hogg, also love Bryan's endorsement of Ball comes like an endorsement straight from Jim Hogg.

Albert Burleson is one of the sources of our Texas pride. With distinguished success he has made good. Burleson represents the highest type of anti-dorsement of Ball comes like an endorsement straight from Jim Hogg.

Ball will be elected. Let's make the majority big! Let's pile it up so high that once for all time Texas will be redeemed from rotten politics, from scrub governors and from the influence of money in elections.

Immediate action! Let's pile the majority up big!

The Grizzly Bear

BY GEORGE FITCH.
Author of "At Good Old Swank."

THE Grizzly Bear is the most bear that is contained in a single hide. He lives in the Rocky mountains and vicinity, and until the high power rifle was invented was not bothered much by his neighbors. The grizzly is sometimes 19 feet long from the tip of his nose to the end of his very brief and economical tail and weighs as much as a ton. He is a large grizzly weighs almost a thousand pounds, but he does not have to roll over on a personal enemy to kill him as an automobile does. He can bite through a gun barrel with his teeth and he can scratch furrows in a battleship's sides with his claws. Nothing is more discouraging than to meet a provoked grizzly and to have to attempt to reason with him while being hugged into a small bundle of messy remains.

The grizzly is amply equipped to take care of his own affairs and his greatest virtue is the fact that he always betrays an earnest desire to do this. He does not attempt to interfere with the plans of passersby so long as he is let alone. The grizzly is a whole peace commission by himself.

When some foolish enemy mistakes his peacefulness for cowardice he becomes a cyclone, an eruption, a catastrophe, and a destroying beam, all at once.

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He spends a placid vegetarian life, digging up roots, eating berries and occasionally attacking a mouse or a ground squirrel for dessert and when ever man appears on the horizon he retires to some secluded spot. However, when some foolish enemy mistakes his peacefulness for cowardice he becomes a cyclone, an eruption, a catastrophe, a Mexican revolution, and a destroying beam, all at once. Only those who are extremely good shots and who have plenty of ammunition and a large grizzly should attempt to show up the grizzly's cowardice.

The grizzly on account of his great willingness to defend himself is let severely alone by all animals and most men and should form a very instructive object lesson to those earnest advocates of peace who declare the United States should set an example to the rest of the world by throwing its guns in the ocean and arming itself with a Chautauque salute.

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100 Years Ago Today

THE numerous instances in which both the Americans and the British applied the torch to towns and villages they captured during the war of 1812 caused much bitter feeling among the people of both nations. An incident which occurred 100 years ago today is worth recording as an exceptional to the practice of the times. A party of Americans under Col. Isaac W. Stone attacked the British and drove them from the village of St. David, on the Canadian frontier, and afterward set fire to the town. Col. Stone denied that he had given orders to burn the place, but the commanding general of the army held that the senior officer was responsible for the act, and as it was against the orders of the American government, he directed Col. Stone to retire from the army.

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INDOOR SPORTS

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PRaising THE STENO'S STEADY GUY

WHY, bless my heart," said Mrs. Tabby, who pretended to be very much surprised, "it's Tommy and Binkie, and no rat at all." Tessa giggled at the funny sight. "Keep her whiskers straight. 'Please don't whip us, ma,' begged Tommy, mixing up his ears with the jam all over his face. 'But that did I won't,' said Mrs. Tabby, with a gleam in her eyes, 'not until you are clean—I don't want any of Tessa's jam!'"

Tessa laughed out loud, but neither Tom nor Binkie could ever see the joke, then or since. This anecdote would advise me to lend this hard earned money or give him up, as we are engaged. I do not think him capable of earning a good living before three or four years. Would you advise me to wait?"

The man who takes a girl's money is generally a poor, weak creature who is not worthy of love or admiration. Before lending your money, you little board, consult your father or some male relative whose judgment is sound. A man who is not able to make his way without the financial aid of a woman.

MAKE A HOUSE GIFT.
Dear Miss Fairfax:
Is it proper to give a wedding present to a young man who is returning from his honeymoon?

Yes. Send a picture, a bit of silver, a jardiniere filled with ferns that will last, and a gift that will aid in the decoration of the new home.

W. J. G.

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"This Is My Birthday Anniversary"

"THIMBLE, thimble, where's the thimble?" have you ever played this game? It is one of the first that the whole family can play with the littlest child. It is fun as a game, but to have to hunt for a thimble when you are grown up and need to sew on a button in a hurry is quite another thing, so, girls, it behooves you to get into the habit of returning your thimble to its proper place after use. And thimbles are not the only things in the world that sometimes can't be found when they are most needed.

Today's birthday list reads:

Melville Peters, 12.
Joseph Peters, 12.
Albert Hartline, 16.
Charles McLure, 2.
Raymond Rogers, 8.

David Metz was 5 years old yesterday.

"Miss Birthday" has a ticket for the Bijou for each one of the young folks named above.

Harry Ashby, 14.
Ella Blanchard, 14.
Robert Lowman, 9.
Carmelita Davis, 15.

Tom and Binkie Have Jam



FREE—

TOMMY TABBY sat up in bed and listened. It seemed as if his mother would never come up and go to bed. All his kiddy brothers and sisters were fast asleep, even Binkie, who was going with him. He had planned in the afternoon to slip down at night, put some of Tessa's new made jam into bottles, and eat all that he could possibly hold.

Tessa stirred in her sleep, and made a noise. She was dreaming of rats and mice and all sorts of nice things. But just as she was about to get them, Tom would chase them away. Tommy hid under the covers at the noise, and then raised his head cautiously and looked at the door. Tabbyland animals were just like folks, so when he heard Mrs. Tabby climb the stairs and prepare for bed, he knew that the coast would be clear.

He waited nearly half an hour, then he silently crawled out of bed and hurried over to wake Binkie, his kiddy brother. He stubbed his toe on a chair and held his breath, but no one had heard.

He woke Binkie. "It's time to go now," he whispered, and the two naughty kitties went quietly down the stairs and into the kitchen. Without a sound they made straight for the pantry. They had put on their trousers and shirts, for the night was chilly, and they had work ahead of them. They opened the pantry door, and there on the shelf, in plain sight was the jam jar, and on the side in big letters was the word—JAM. "Have you got the bottles?" Tommy whispered. "Yes, three," replied Binkie. "I'll give you a boost." He helped Tom up, and taking the lid off Tommy put his furry paw down into the jam pot.

In the meantime, Mrs. Tabby, who had heard, was upstairs, but she was not fast asleep. She had only pretended to go to bed when she went

up, but was sitting, fully dressed, in her room in the dark when the kiddy boys got at my jam!" "Shhh!" said Mrs. Tabby, "be very quiet. Did your mother ever promise you anything that did not come true?" Tessa laughed excitedly and shook her head.

Mrs. Tabby led the way downstairs and straight to the pantry, where they could hear the boys. "Wake up, Tessa dear," she whispered to her oldest kiddy girl. "There is something funny downstairs, if I am not mistaken, and I want you to

"Oh, mother," Tessa was out of bed in an instant. "Have you let the boys get at my jam?" "Shhh!" said Mrs. Tabby, "be very quiet. Did your mother ever promise you anything that did not come true?" Tessa laughed excitedly and shook her head.

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Binkie did as he was told and, armed with a bottle, Tom climbed up once more. "I'll get a pawful this time," he whispered, and gave a deep dig in the jam pot. Then he screamed, tried to pull out his paw, and Binkie stopped to laugh at him. The whole jar, with Tommy, came crashing to the floor, just as the door opened. Too terrified to cry, the two kitties, all up with the jam and the pot, were on the floor, and from Tommy's paw hung a big something that hurt him and made him cry. "Steady," said Mrs. Tabby, "don't move your paw half as badly as the voice of Mrs. Tabby."

Tessa, she heard her say, "Get a light, I think I have caught something. I imagine it is a great rat. I out a trap in the bottom of the jam jar when I took all of the jam out tonight and hid it."

Tessa brought the lamp, and they saw indeed a sight. The light shone full on the two kitties, now crying bitterly, and covered with the thick layer of jam that Mrs. Tabby had spread on the top.

"Why, bless my heart," said Mrs. Tabby, who pretended to be very much surprised, "it's Tommy and Binkie, and no rat at all." Tessa giggled at the funny sight. "Keep her whiskers straight. 'Please don't whip us, ma,' begged Tommy, mixing up his ears with the jam all over his face. 'But that did I won't,' said Mrs. Tabby, with a gleam in her eyes, 'not until you are clean—I don't want any of Tessa's jam!'"

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